

[4.]

T H E

Tragedie of King Ri- chard the fecond.

As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Ho-
nourable the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants.

By William Shake-speare.



L O N D O N


Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and
are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at
the signe of the Angel.

1 5 9 8.



Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gant,
with other Nobles and
Attendants.

King Richard.

 Lde Iohn of Gaunt time honored Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy othe and bande
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeale
Which then our leisure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King Tel me moreouer, hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt As neare as I could sitt him on that argument,
On some apparent danger scene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

King Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare,
The accuser and the accused freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

A 2

Mow.

The Tragedie of

Mowb. Each day stil better others happinesse,
Vntil the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde an immortal ritle to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters v
As wel appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treason:
Coosin of Hereford what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbra.

Bul. First, heaven be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellat to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting wel: for what I speake
My body shal make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitours name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne, ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawne sword may p

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale.
Tis not the triall of a womans war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hotte that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht and naught at al to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbes mee,
From giuing reines and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd,
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throats
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,
And let him bee no kinsman to my Leige,

King Richard the second.

I do defie him, and spit at him,
Cal him a slaunderous coward and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer English man durst sette his foote,
Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kinred of a King,
And lay aside my high blouds royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stowpe.
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laide my knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree,
O chiuallrous designe of knightly triall,
And when I mount, aliuie may I not light,
If I be traitour or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Coosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I sayd my life shal prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand nobles,
In name of Lendings for your highnesse souldiours,
The which hee hath detainde for lewd imployments,
Like a false traitour and iniurious villaine,
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was surueyed by English eie,
That all the treasons for these eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this land:

Fetcht from false Mowbray their first head and springe

The Tragedie of

Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This aime shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Norfolke what saist thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.

King. Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing praiueledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bollingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
Through the faise passage of thy throat thou liest,
Three parts of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours,
The other part reseruede I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne dutie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The

King Richard the second.

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my greened soule:
Ah but ere I last receiu'd the sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeale
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To prooue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloude chamberd in his bosome,
In haste whereof most heartily I pray.
Your highnesse to assigne our trial day.

King. V V rath kindled gentleman bee ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting blood;
This wee prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and bee agreed,
Our Doctors say this is no month to bleede:
Good Vnckle let this end where it begunne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke throw downe wee bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
I am disgrasse, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart blood

Which

The Tragedie of

Which breathde this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood,
Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots, take but my shame
And I resigne my gage my deare deare Lord.

The purest treasure mortall times affoord,

Is spotlesse reputation, that away

Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay,

A lewell in a tenne times bard vp chest,

Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast:

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,

Take honour from me, and my life is done?

Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,

In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.

Bul. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?

Or with pale begger-face impeach my height,

Before this out-darde dastard ere my tongue

Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare,

The slavish motiue of recanting feare,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,

Which since wee cannot do to make you friends,

Be readie as your life shall answere it,

At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day,

There shall your swords and launces arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate,

Since wee cannot atone you, you shall see

Iustice designe the Victors chivalrie,

Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be readie to direct these home allarmes.

Exit.

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Duchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodstocks bloud,
Doth more sollicite me then your exclames,

To

King Richard the second

To stirre against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in these hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the wil of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duchesse Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurte
Hath loue in thy old blood no living fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes wherof thy selfe art one,
Were as seuen viols of his sacred blood,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One viol full of Edwards sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is crackt, and al the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues al faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody axe.
Ah Gaunt, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe mould that fashioned thee
Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him, thou doest consent
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy fathers life,
Call it not patience Gaunt, it is dispaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtred,
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life.
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breasts.
What shal I say? to safegard thy own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucesters death.

Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods substitute,
His deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath caused his death, the which, if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

The Tragedie of

An angrie arme against his minister.

Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence,

Duch. Why then I will, farewell old Gaunt,

Thou goest to Couentry, there to beholde

Our Coosin Hertford and fell Mowbray fight,

O set my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,

That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast:

Or if misfortune misse the first carier,

Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,

That they may breake his forming courfers backe,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A caitiue recreant to my Coosin Hertford:

Farewel old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,

With her companion Griefe must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister farewell I must to Couentry,

As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

Duch. Yet one word more, grieve boundeth where it falls
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:

I take my leaue before I haue begunne,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:

Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke,

Lo this is all: may yet depart not so,

Though this be al, do not so quickly goe:

I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?

With al good speede at Plashe visit me,

Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,

But emptie lodgings and vnturnisht walles,

Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones,

And what heart there for welcome but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow that dwells every where,

Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:

The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Annerle.

Mar. My Lord Annerle is Harry Hertford arnde?

Anm. Yea at al points, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

King Richard the second.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Ann. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles: when
they are set, enter the duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King. Marshall demand of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrel,
Speake truely on thy knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mon. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and cruth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A traitour to my God, my king, and me.
And as I truely fight defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford
appellant in armour.*

King. Marshall aske yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why hee cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherfore comst thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall lists,
Against whom comes thou, and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, so defend thee heauen.

The Tragedie of

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie
Am I, who readie here do stand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.

Mar. The appellante in all dutie greetes your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. Wee will descend and fold him in our armes,
Coolin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewel my blood, which if to day thou shedd,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.

Bul. O let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes speare:
As confident as is the falcons flight
Against a bird, so I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble cousin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke although I haue to doo with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheereely drawing breath,
Loe, as at English feasts so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweete.
Oh thou the earthly Authour of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach at Victorie above my head,

Adde

King Richard the second.

Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steels my lances poynt,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
Rowse vp thy youthful blood, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyal, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace,
His golden vncontroled enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate,
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,
Most mightie Leige, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to iest
Go I to fight, trueth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewel (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eye,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
Receiue thy lance, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,
A traitour to his God, his king, and him.
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk,

The Tragedie of

On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyal,
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to beginne,

Mart. Sound trumpets, and set forth Combatants
Stay, the king hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these dukes what we decre.
Draw neere and list

What with our counsel we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soild
With that deere blood which it hath fostered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword,
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Ofskie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With riuall-hating enuy set on you
To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
Drawes the sweete infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzde vp with boistrous vntunde drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kintreds blood.
Therefore we banish you our territories:
You cousin Hereford vpon paine of life,
Til twice five summers haue enricht our field
Shal not regreete our faire dominions
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bnl. Your wil be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sonne that warmes you here, shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames vnto you here lent
Shal point on me, and guild my banishment.

King Nerfolke, for thee remains a heavier doome,

Which

King Richard the second.

Which I with some vnwillingnes pronounce.
The slow flow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limite of thy deere exile,
The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mowb. A heauie sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnesse mouth.
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
The language I haue learnt these forty yeares,
My natue English now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more
Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument calde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you haue engould my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a nurse,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupil now,
What is thy sentence but speechlesse death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natue breath.

King It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence playning comes too late,

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royal sword your banisht hands,
Swear by the duty that y'owe to God
(Our part therein we banish with your selues,)
To keepe the oath that we administer:
You neuer shal, so helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in banishment
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcila

This

The Tragedie of

This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. and I, to keepe al this.

Bul. Norffolke, so fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh.
As now our flesh is banisht from this land,
Confesse thy treasons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou hast far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banisht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too soone (I feare) the king shal rew:
Farewel (my Leige) now no way can I stray,
Saue back to England al the world's my way.

King Vncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes,
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, six frozen winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bull. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton springs,
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my leige, that in regard of me,
He shortens foure yeeres of my sonnes exile,
But little vantage shal I reape thereby:
For ere the sixe yeeres that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
Shal be extinct with age and endlesse nights,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my sonne.

King.

King Richard the second.

King. Why Vnckle thou hast many yeeres to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (*King*) that thou canst giue,
Shorten my dayes thou canst with fallen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweete to taste, proue in digestion sowre:
You vrge me as a iudge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father,
Oh had't beene a stranger, not my child,
To smoothe his fault I would haue beene more mild:
A partial slaunder ought I to avoyde,
And in the sentence my own life destroyde:
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I wast oo strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coolen farewell, and Vnckle, bid him so,
Sixe yerres we banish him, and he shal go.

An. Cousin farewell, what presence must not know,
From where you do remaine, let paper shew.

Mar. My Lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As far as land wil let me by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is sixe winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

The Tragedie of

Bul. My heart wil sigh when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy wearie steps;
Esteeme a foyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious Iewel of thy home returne.

Bul. Nay rather euery tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue,
Must I not serue a long apprenticeshood
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grieve?

Gaunt. Al places that the eie of heaven visits,
Are to a wiseman portes and happy hauens:
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus.
There is no vertue like necessitie,
Thinke not the King did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doeth the heavier fit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exile thee; or suppose
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Looke what thy soule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:
Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightful measure or a dance,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summers heat?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

King Richard the second.

Gives but the greater feeling to the worle:
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more,
Then when it bites, but launcheth not the sore.

Gann. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweete soile adiew
My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,
Where ere I wander boast of this I can,
Though banisht, yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the
Lord Aumarle at the other.*

King We did obserue. Cousin Aumarle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum I brought high Herford, if you cal him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him,

King And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awakt the sleeping thowme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum Farewel, & for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes grave:
Mary would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewells:
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King He is our Coosens Cosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends
Our selfe and Bushie;
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and famulier courtesie,
With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

The Tragedie of

Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,
A brace of draymen bid God speede him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my countrey men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuer sion his,
And hee our subiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your high aesse losse.

King. VVe will our selfe in person to this war,
And for our coffers with too great a court
And liberall larges are growne somewhat light,
Wee are inforst to farme out royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof shall furnish vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,
VWhere to when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we wil make for Ireland presently.

Enter Busbie with newes.

Busb. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous sicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post haste,
To intreate your Maiestie to visit him.

King. VWhere lies he?

Busb. At Ely house.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phisitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers shall make coates
To decke our Souldiours for these Irish wars:
Come Gentlemen, lets all go visit him,
Pray God we may make haste and come too late,

Amen.

Exeunt.

Enter

King Richard the Second.

Enter John of Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the king come that I may breathe my last,
In holsome counsel to his vnstayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your self, nor strue not with your breath,
For al in vaine comes counsel to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in paine:
He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt then their liues before:
The setting Sunne, and Musike at the glose,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ, in remembrance more then things long past,
Though Richard my liues counsel would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stoppt with other flattering sounds,
As praises of whose state the wise are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies listen,
Report of fashions in proude Italie,
Whose manners stil our tardie apish nation
Limps after in base imitation:
Where doth the world thrust foorth a vanitie,
So it be new there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then al too late comes Counsel to bee heard,
Where wil doth mutinie with wits regard:
Direct not him whose way himselfe wil choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinks I am a prophet new inspirde,
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Smal shoures last long, but sodaine stormes are short:
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes,

The Tragedie of

With eager feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayses vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradise,
This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone sette in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensive to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
This blessed plott, this earth, this Realme, this England.
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in ther deedes as far from home,
For christian seruice and true chiuarie.
As is the sepulchre in stubborn lewry,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deere soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farme,
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happie then were my ensuing death?
Yorke The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For yong hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene How fares our noble vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt

King Richard the second.

Gaunt Oh how that name befits my composition,
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being old,
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

King. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt No miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King Thou now a dying sayst thou flatterest me.

Gaunt Oh no, thou diest though I the sicker bee.

King I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill,

Gaunt Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelesse pacient as thou art,
Commist thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet intraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,
Scene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue layde thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe:
Why Cousin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:

The Tragedie of

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of law is bondslauē to the law
And thou.

King. A lunatick leane-witted foole,
Preluming on an agues priuledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With furie from his native residence.
Now by my seates right royal maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gauut. Oh spare me not my brother Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne,
That blood already like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst.
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectst not spilling Edwards blood:
Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower,
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die that age and fullens haue
For both hast thou, and both become thee graue.

Yorke. I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words
To waiward sicknes and age in him,
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere
As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.

King. Right, you say true, as Herefords loue, so his,
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is,

North.

King Richard the second.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Ma-
King What sayes he? (iellie

North. Nay nothing, al is said:

His tongue is now a stringleffe instrument,
Words, life, and al, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yorke Be Yorke the next: that must be bankrout so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortal wo.

King The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rugheaded kerne,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affaires do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we doe seaze to vs,
The plate, coyne, reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did stand posselt.

Yorke How long shall I be patient? ah how long
Shal tender duetic make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herefords banishment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his mariage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bende one wrinkle on my soueraignes face:
I am the last of the noble Edwards sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first.
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde
Then was that yong and princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he.
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the french,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kintred bloud,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

The Tragedie of

Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King Why Vnckle whats the matter?

Yorke Oh my leige, pardon me if you please,
If not I pleasd not to be pardoned, am content withal,

Seeke you to seaze and gripe into your hands

The roialties and rightes of banisht Hereford:

Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?

Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?

Is not his heire a wel deseruing sonne?

Take Herefords rights away, and take from time

His charters and his costomarie rights;

Let not to morrow then ensue to daie:

Be not thy selfe, For how art thou a King

But by faire sequence and succession?

Now afore God, God forbid I say true,

If you do wrongfully seaze Herfords right,

Cal in the letters patreints that he hath

By his atournies general to sue

His liuery, and deny his offered homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and aleageance cannot thinke.

King Thinke what you wil, we ceaze into our hands

His plate, his goods, his mony and his lands.

Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewel,

What wil insue hereof ther's none can tel:

But by bad courses may be vnderstood

That their euents can neuer fall out good, *Exit.*

King Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,

Bid him repaire to vs to Eli house,

To see this busines: to-morrow next

We wil for Ireland, and tis time I trow,

And we create in absence of our selfe,

Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;

For he is iust and alwayes loued vs well;

Come

King Richard the second.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must wee part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene : Enter North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And living too for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title not in reuenewe.

North. Richly in both if iustice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
Ere be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme, (ford?

Will. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the D. of Her-
If it be so, out with it boldly man,

Quicke is mine care to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all that I can doe for him.

Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mo

Of noble bloud in this declining land,

The king is not himselfe, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will informe,

Meerely in hate against any of vs all,

That will the King senerely prosecute,

Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The commons hath hee pild with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts, The nobles hath he find

For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are deuise,

As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what,

But what a Gods name doth become of this?

Will. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,

But basely yeelded vpon compromise.

That which his noble auncestors atchiude with blowes,

More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Will. The King growne bankerout like a broken man.

The Tragedie of

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him,
Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this feareful tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyd the storme,
Wee see the winde fitte fore vpon our sailes.
And yet wee strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse We see the verie wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering, but I dare not say,
How neare the tydings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.

Rosse Be confident to speake Northumberland,
Wee three are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittainie receiue intelligence
That Harry duke of Hereford, Rainold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittainie
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly nicane to touch our Northerne shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland,
If then wee shall shake off our countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broking Pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe.
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh:

But

King Richard the second.

But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twentie shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiect,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry.
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your lords departure weep not, more is not seen
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

The Tragedie of

Bushie Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Ladie.)

Queene. Tis nothing lesse, conceit is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerfion that I do poffesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wor.

Greene God faue your maiestie, and wel met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath sette footing in this land,
The baniht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.

Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene Ah Madam tis too true, and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne H. Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
VVith all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bushie VVhy haue you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, traitours?

Greene VVe haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And al the houshold seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire,
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.

Bushie Dispaire not Madam.

Queene Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmity,
With coufening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

King Richard the second.

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
VVhich false Hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke,

Queene. With signes of war about his aged necke,
Oh full of careful businesse are his lookes,
Vncle for Gods sake speake comfortable words.

Yorke Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and wee are on the earth,
VVhere nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your husband he is gone to saue far off,
VVhilst others come to make him loose at home,

Here am I left to vnderprop his land
Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his turfet made,
Now shall hee trie his friends that flattered him.

Seruingman My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yorke He was, why so go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sifter Gloucester,
Bid her send mee presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.

Seruingman. My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship,
To day I came by and called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke What ist knaue?

Seruingman An houre before I came the Duchesse died.

Yorke God for his mercie! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cutte off my head with my brothers.
What are there two posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sifter, coosin I would say, pray pardon mee,
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some Carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

The Tragedie of

If I know how or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer belecue me : both are my kinsmen,
Tone is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend, tother againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Wel, somewhat wee must doo : come Coolin
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkiy:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euerie thing is left at fixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke Qu.man. Bush. Green.

Bush. The wind fits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemye is all vnpossible.

Greene Besides our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering commons. for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much filles their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do wee,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.

Greene Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like curs to teare vs all in pieces:
Wil you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I wil to Ireland to his Maiesties
Farewel if hearts presages bee not vaine,
We three here part that nere shal meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat back Bullingbrook.

Greene Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring lands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie,
Farewell at once, for once, for al, and euer.

Bush.

King Richard the second.

Bushie Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue mee noble Lord,
I am a straunger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall wil be found,
In Rosse and Willoughby wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath verie much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauaile:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my companie,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my sonne yong Harry Percy,
Sent from my Brother Worcester whence soeuer.
Harry how fares your Vnckle?

(of you.

H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health.

North. Why is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and disperist
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolute
When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour,
But he my Lord is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer.

E

What

The Tragedie of

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Heretords boy?

H. Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. Per. My gracious Lo: I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle Percy, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shalbe stil thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus scales it,

North. How far is it to Barkly, and what stir
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?

H. Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkly and Seymor,
None else of name and noble estimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Rosse and V Villoughby,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues,
A banisht traitour: al my treasury
Is yet but vnielt thanks, which more enrich,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Wil. And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I guesse:

Barkly My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.

Bul. My Lord, my answere is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And

King Richard the second.

And I must finde that title in your tongues,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bar. Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you my Lo. I come, what Lo: you will,
From the most glorious of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what pricketh you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peate with selfborne armes?

Bul. I shal not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person: my noble Vnckle.

Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knees,
Whose duetic is depreciable and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngracious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,
Darde once to touch a dust of Englands ground?
But more than why? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Friting her pale face villadges with war,
And ostentation of despised armes?
Comst thou because the annoiuted king is hence?
Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loial bosome lies his power.
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe,
Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranckes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine
Now prisoner to the Palsie chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Bull. My gracious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion and detested treason,
Thou art a banisht man and here art come,

The Tragedie of

Before the expiation of thy time,
In brauing armes against my soueraigne,

Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,

But as I come, I come for Lancaster,

And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,

Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my father, for me thinks in you

I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then father,

Wil you permit that I shal stand condemn'd

A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties

Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart vnthrift, wherefore was I borne?

If that my Coosin King be King of England,

It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:

You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble Coosin,

Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,

He should haue found his vnckle Gaunt a father,

To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.

I am denied to sue my liuerie here,

And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.

My fathers goods are all distraind and sold,

And these, and al, are al amisse employed.

What would you haue me do? I am a subiect,

And I challenge law, Attornies are denied me,

And therefore personally I lay my claime

To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath beene too much abused.

Rosse. It stands your grace vpon to doo him right.

Willo. Bate men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this:

I haue had feeling of my Coosins wrongs,

And labored al I could to do him right,

But in this kind, to come in brauing armes

Be his owne caruer and cutte out his way,

To find out right with wrong, it may not be:

And you that do abette him in this kind,

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels al.

North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

King Richard the second.

But for his owne, and for the right of that
We al haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer see toy that breakes that oath.

Yorke Wel, wel, I see the issue of these armes,
I cannot mend it I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and aill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you al, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter, so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer vnckle that we wil accept,
But wee must winne your Grace to go with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the common-wealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loath to breake our Countreies lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of Salisburie we haue staied ten daies,
And hardly kept our countrey men together,
And yet we heare no tydings from the King,
Therefore wee wil disperse our selues, farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposes al his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay,
The bay trees in our countrey all are witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whisper feareful change,
Rich men looke sadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enjoy,

The Tragedie of

The other to enioy by rage and war,
These signes fore-runne the death of Kings,
Farewel, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As wel assured Richard theyr King is dead.

Salis. Ah Richard! with eyes of heavie mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy tunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and vnrrest,
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crotly to thy good al fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland,

Busbie and Greene prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.

Busbie and Greene I will not vexe your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodyes,
With too much vrging your pernicious lives,
For twere no charity; yet to wash your bloud
From off my hands; here in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your death;
You haue misde a Prince, a royall King,
A happie Gentleman in bloud and lineaments,
Ee you unhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinful houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staine the beautie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selte a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neare to the King in bloud, and neare in loue,
Til they did make him misinterpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And figh't my English breath in torren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fed vpon my seigniories,
Disparkt my parks, and felld my Forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't out my impresse, leaving me no signe,

Sauo

King Richard the Second.

Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This and much more much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushie More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.

Greene My comfort is, that heaven wil take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland see them dispatche:
Vnckle you say the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be delivered.

Torke A gentleman of mine I have dispatche,
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King Backloughly Cattle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Needes must I like it well, I weepe for joy,
To stand vpon my Kingdoms once againe,
Deare earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hooves:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands;
Feede not thy soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauinous sence,
But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
And heavy gated roads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelds

The Tragedie of

Yeeelde stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosome pluck a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch,
Throw death vpon thy soueraignes enemies:
Mock not my senceles coniuration Lords,
This earth shal haue a feeling and these stones
Prooue armed souldiers ere her native King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king
Hath power to keepe you king in spight of al,
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we wil not, heauens offer, we refuse
The profered meanes of succois and redresse.

Aum He meanes my Lord that we are too remisse
Whilst Bullingbrooke through our securitie,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King Discomfortable Conson, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnscene,
In murthers and in outrage bloody here,
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the easterne pines,
And dartes his light through every guilty hole
Then murthers, treasons, and detested finnes,
The cloak of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves?
So when this thiefe, this traitour Bullingbrooke
Who all this while hath reuel'd in the night
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the east
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the light of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,
Not al the water in the rough rude sea,
Can wash the balm off from an anointed King,

The

King Richard the second.

The breath of worldly men cannot depose,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For every man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heavenly pay,
A glorious Angel: thou if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen stil gardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?

Salisb. Nor nere nor farther off my gracious Lo.
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded al thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes frindes, fortune and thy state,
For al the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst and fled.

Ann Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.

King But now the blood of 20000. men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And til so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that wil be safe, flie from my side,
For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Ann Comfort my liege remember who you are.

King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiesty thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scr. More health and happines betide my liege,

F

Then

The Tragedie of

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd,

The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,

Say, is my Kingdome lost why twas my care,

And what losse is it to be rid of care?

Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as wee,

Greater he shal not be, if he serue God,

Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so:

Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mend,

They breake their fayth to God as wel as vs:

Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,

The worst is death, and death wil haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so armde,

To beare the tydings of calamitie,

Like an vnseasonable stormie day,

Which makes the siluer Riuer drowne their shores.

As if the world were al dissolude to teares,

So high about his limits swels the rage

Of Bullingbrooke, covering your fearefull land

With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele,

White beards haue armd their thinn and hairelesse scalps

Against thy maiestie, and boyes with womens voyces

Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts

In stiffe vnwildie armes against thy Crowne,

Thy very beardsmen learne to bend theyr bowes,

Of double fatal ewe against thy state,

Yea distaffe women mannage rustie billes,

Against thy seate both yong and old rebel,

And al goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King Too wel, too wel thou selst a tale so ill

Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushie? where is Greener?

That they haue let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps,

If we preuaile, their heades shal pay for it:

I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord,

King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

King Richard the second.

Dogs easily wooone to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart bloud wanted, that sting my heart,
Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace, terrible hell,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweete loue I see changing, his property]
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate,
Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Willeshire dead

Scro. Ye al of them at Bristow lost their heades,

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Lets talke of graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with raineie eyes
Write sorow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Sane our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and al are Rutlingbrookes,
And nothing can we eal our owne, but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste and couer to our bones,
For Gods sake lette vs sit vpon the ground,
And tel sadde stories of the death of Kings,
How some haue beene deposed, some slaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,
Al murthered, for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortal temples of a King
Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little sceane,
To monarchise, be feard, and kil with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which walles about our life,

The Tragedie of

Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King,
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me al this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste grieve, neede friendes, subiected thus,
How can you say to me I am a King?

Carleil. My Lord, wisemen nere sit and waile their woes
But presently prevent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and bee slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and dye, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King Thou chidst me wel, proude Bullingbrook, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fitte of feare is overblowne,
An easie take it is to winne our owne.

Say Scroope, where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be fower,

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dul and heauie eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken,
Your Vncle Yorke is ioyned with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie,

King. Thou hast said inough:
Besheew thee cousin which didst leade me foorth

King Richard the second.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire,
What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King woes slaue shal kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, discharge and let them goe
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow.
For I haue none, let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsel is but vaine.

Ann. My Leige, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are disperst, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard; alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes, onely to be brieft
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue bin so brieft
He would haue beene so brieft to shorten you, (with him,
For taking so the head, your whole heades length.

Bul. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good Cousin) further then you should,
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads,

Bul. I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their wil. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome Harry: what, wil not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie The Castle is royally mand my Lord.
Against thy enterance,

The Tragedie of

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a clergie man
Of holy Reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleil.

Bull. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that auncient Castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer,
H. Bull. on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,
And sends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person: hither come
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted,
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showers of blond,
Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen,
The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew:
Go signifie as much while here wee march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,
That from this Castles tottered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be wel perusde.
Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terror then the elements
Of fire and water when their thundering smoke
At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water,
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.
My water's on the earth, and not on him,
March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

King Richard the second.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portal of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King. We are amazde, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King:
And if we be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their aweful duetie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship;
For wel we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that alas you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head.
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bul'ingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war:
But ere the crowne he lookes for liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes
Shal ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,

The Tragedie of

To scarlet indignation and bedew,
Her pastors grasse with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king,
Should so with ciuill and vnciuil armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honnurable tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royal grandsires bones,
And by the royalties of both your blouds
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising al that may be sworne or sayd,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royal partie graunted once,
His glittering armes hee will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful seruice of your Maiesty.
This sweares hee, as hee is princeesse iust,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.

King Northumberland, say thus the King returnes,
His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,
And al the number of his faire demaundes,
Shal be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vitterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.

King We do debase our selues Coosin, do we not?
To looke so poorly and to speake so faire?
Shal we cal backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die.

Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords,

King Oh God, oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laide the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

The Tragedie of

As is my griefe, or lesser than my name?
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swellst thou (proud heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,
Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bullingbrooke.

King. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shal do it: must he be deposde?
The king shal be contented: must he loose
The name of a King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a set of Beades:
My gorgeous pallas for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almesmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a dish of wood:
My scepter for a Palmers walking staffe:
My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a litle graue,
A litle litle graue, an obscure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
May hourelly trample on their Soueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepst (my tender-hearted coosin)
Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
Our sighs and they shal lodeg the summer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or shal we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some prety match with sheading teares,
And thus to drop them still vpon one place,
Til they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and there in laide; there lies
Two kinsmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do wel? wel well I see,
Italke but idley, and you laugh at me.
Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What saies king Bullingbrooke, wil his maiestie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,

G

You

The Tragedie of

You make a leg and Bullingbrooke saies I.

North. Ny Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnrulie lades.

In the base court, base court where Kings growe base,

To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,

In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shriek where mounting larkes should sing.

Bull. What saies his maiestie?

North. Sorrowe and griete of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come,

Bull. Stand al apart,

And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.

King. faire coosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp coosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and al.

Bull. So far be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Wel you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong't and surest way to get,
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosen I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be heyre,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?

Bull. Yea my good Lord:

King. Then I must not say no,

Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,

To

*Enter the
Queene with
her atten-
dants*

King Richard the second.

To drive away the heauie thought of care?

Lady Madam weele play at bowles.

Queene Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady Madam weele daunce.

Queene My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
VVhen my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing gile, some other sport,

Lady Madam weele tel tales,

Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?

Lady Of either Madame.

Quee. Of neither gile,

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine,

Lady Madam ile sing.

Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please mee better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.

Que. And I could sing would weeping do me good?
And neuer borrow any teare of thee. *Enter Gardiners.*

But stay, here commeth the gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines,
They wil talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou vp yon dangling Aphricocks,
VVhich like vnrulie children make their fire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight,
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heades of two fast growing sprays,
That looke too loftie in our common wealth,
All must be euen in our gouernement
You thus imployd, I will go roote away

The Tragedie of

The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.

Man. Why should wee in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her holtsome hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the falot leafe:
The weedes that his broade spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.

Man. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull King,
Oh what pittie it is that he had not so trimde
And drest his land as wee this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being ouer-proud with sappe and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might haue lude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, him selfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorks
That tell black tydings.

Queen. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden.

Howe

King Richard the second.

How dares thy harsh rude tong sound this vnpleasing newes
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fal of cursed man?

Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?
Darst thou thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? say, where, when and how
Camst thou by this ill tidings? speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie holde
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are all the English peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe:
Post you to London, and you wil find it so,
I speake no more then euery one doth know.

Queene Nimble Mischance that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my brest: come Ladies goe
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadde looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling mee these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore Queen so that thy state might be no worke,
I would my skil were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a banke of Rew sowe hearbe of grace,
Rew euen for ruth here shortly shal be scene,
In remembrance of a weeping *Queene.*

Bull. Call forth Bagot,
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde

Exeunt
Enter Bagot. *Enter Bull*
with the
Lords to
Parliament

The Tragedie of

The bloody office of his timelesse end.

Bagot Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bull. Coosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
Scornes to vsay what once it hath deliuered,
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted
I heard you say, is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As far as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke that very time
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Coosins death.

Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire stars
On equall termes to giue my chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honour sold
With the attainer of his slanderous lippes,
There is my gage, the manual scale of death,
That markes thee out for hell, thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayde is false
In thy heart blood, though being al too base
To staine the temper of my knightly sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In al this presence that hath moude me so.

Fitz. If that thy valure stand on simpatie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in-gage to thine;
By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death,
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou liest,
And I wil turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum.

King Richard the Second.

Aum. Fitzwaters thou art damned to hel for this.

L.Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all vntrue,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darst.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworn Aumerle)
And spur thee on with ful as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne
Ingage it to the triall if thou darst.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answere twentie thousand such as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember wel
The very time Aumerle and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie thou liest. (sword,

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that lie shal lie so heauy on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,
Til thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In prooffe whereof there is mine honors pawne,
Ingage it to the tryal if thou darst.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a wilderness,
And spitte vpon him whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale,
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolke say,

That

The Tragedie of

That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke of Callice.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.

Bull. these differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shal be,
And though mine enemy, restord againe
To al his landes and signories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shal neuer be seene,
Many a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes and Saracens,
And toild with workes of war, retir'd himselfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to a pleasant Countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue my Lord,

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til we assigne you to your daies of trial.

Enter Yorke

Yorke Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
Adopts thee heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne. descending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.

Bull. In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne,

Car. Mary God forbid.

Worst in this royal presence I may speake.
Yet best be seeming me to speake the truth,
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge

King Richard the second.

Of noble Richard. Then true noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,
What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
And who sits not here that is not Richards subiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them,
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,
His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
Annoynted, crowned, planted many yeares
Be iudgd by subiect and inferiour breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh fortend it God,
That in a Christian climate soules refine,
Should shew so heinous blacke obscene a deed,
I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
Stirrd vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,
The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace shall go sleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars,
Shal kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shal heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs.
Oh if you raise this house against this house,
It wil the wofullest diuision proue,
That euer fel vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child, childs children crie against you wo,
North. Wel haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capital treason, we arrest you here:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely til his day of triall.

Bull. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all.

H

*Exeunt
Abbot.*

The Tragedie of

*Manet West
Carleil, An-
merle.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woes to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Abbot. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My Lo. before I freely speake my mind herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are ful of discontent,
Your hart of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merrie day.

Exeunt.

*Enter the
Queene
with her at-
endants.*

Quee. This way the King wil come, this is the way,
To Iulius Cæsars ill erected Tower,
To whose fiist bosome, my condemned Lord,
Is doomde a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke,
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. (*Enter Ric.*
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, beholde,
That you in pittie may disolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beateous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd grieve be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alchouse guest?

Rich. ioyne not with grieve, faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happie dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are
Shews vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweet)
To grim necessitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league til death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And cloister thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
Which our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Quee.

King Richard the second.

Queene What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformd and weakened? hath Bullingbrooke
Deposde thine intellect? hath hee beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To bee ore-power'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts.

King A King of beasts indeede, if aught but beasts
I had beene still a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes *Queene*) prepare thee hence for France,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takest
As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue,
In winters tedious nights sitte by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tel thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senslesse brands will sympathie
The heauie accent of thy mooving tong,
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull king. *Enter Northum.*

North. My Lord the mind of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower,
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all swift speede you must away to France.

King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke
Though hee diuide the Realme and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all.
He shall thinke that thou which knowst the way
To plant vnrightfull kings wilt know againe,

The Tragedie of

Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate, and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.
My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King Doubly diuorst, (badde men) you violate
A twofold marriage, betwixt my Crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my mariéd wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and mee:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sicknesse pines the clime:
My wife to France, from whence set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Queene And must we be diuided? must we part?

King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

Queene Banish vs both, and send the king with mee.

King That were some loue, but little pollicie.

Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

King So two together weeping make one woe,
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere, illw
Better far off then neere be nere the neere,
Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes,

King Twise for one step ile groane, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come come in wooing sorow lets be brieft,
Since wedding it, there is such length in grieft,
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy hearr:

Queene Giue me mine owne againe: twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strue to kill it with a groane,

King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once

King Richard the second.

Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say. *exunt.*

Du. My Lord you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

*Enter duke
of Yorke
and the
duchesse.*

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Yorke Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hotte and fierie steepe,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cryde, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the verie windowes spake:
So many greedie lookes of yong and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that al the wals
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke.
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proude steedes necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass along.

Du. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a wel graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle Richard, no man cried, God saue him,
No ioyful tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face stil combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him,

The Tragedie of

But heaven hath a hand in these euent,
To whole hie will wee bound our calme contents,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,
Whole state and honour I for ay allow.

Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.

Yorke Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealtie to the newe made King.

Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lappe of the new come spring.

Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

Yorke Wel, beare you wel in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Yorke You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yorke What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.

Yorke No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke Which for some reasons sir I meane to see,
I feare, I feare.

Du. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

Yorke Bound to himselfe, what doth hee with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole,
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yorke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

Yorke

King Richard the second.

Yorke Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, slaue.

Du. What is the matter my Lord?

Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what trechery is here?

Du. Why, what is it my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke Peace foolish woman.

Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

Ann. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

Du. Thy life answer?

Yorke Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd.
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yorke Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sons? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name,
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yorke I thou fond madde woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him here,
Then what is that to him?

Yorke Away fond woman, were he twentie times my son,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull,
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyal to thy bed,

*He plucks
it out of his
bosome and
reades it.*

*His man en-
ters with
his bootes.*

And

The Tragedie of

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like mee or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke Make way vntruly woman. *Exit.*

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere hee do accuse thee.
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer wil I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

*Enter the
King with
his nobles.*

King H. Can no man tel me of my vnthristie sonne?
Tis tul three moneths since I did see him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs tis hee,
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Percie My Lord, some two daies since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

King And what saide the gallant?

Percie His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter Au-
merle ama-
zed.*

Aum. Where is the King? *(so wildly.)*

King H. What meanes our coosin that he stares and looks

Aum. God saue your grace, I do beseech your maiestie,
To haue some conference with your grace alone.

King

King Richard the second.

King. Withdrawe your selues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cosen nowe?

Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key.
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy desire.

Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

King. Vilain Ile make thee safe,

Aum. Stay thy reuengeful hand, thou hast no cause to

Yor. Open the dore, secure foole, hardie King,
Shal I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the dore, or I wil breake it open.

King. What is the matter vncke, speake, recouer breath,
Tel vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

Aum. remember as thou readst, thy promise past,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King.)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue
A Serpent that wil sting thee to the hart.

King. O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy;
O loyal Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From whence this streame through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defilde himselfe,
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad:
And thy abundant goodnes shall excuse

*The duke of
Yorke knocks
(feare at the doore
and cryeth.*

The Tragedie of

This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yor. So shal my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he shal spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shame life in his dishonour lies,
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Du. What ho; my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.

King H. What shrill voice suppliant makes this eger crie?

Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.

King Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.

Yorke If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiveness prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Du. Oh king, beleue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?

Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

King H. Rise vp good aunt.

Du. Not yet I thee beseech.

For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Yorke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Il maist thou thrue if thou graunt any grace.

Du. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast,

He

King Richard the second,

He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside,
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele til to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false hipocrisie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,
Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards, stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach,
I neuer longd to heare a word til now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweete,
No word like pardon for Kings mounes so meete.

Yorke. Speake it in French, King say, Pardonne moy.

Du. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord
That sets the word it selfe against the word:
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand,
Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is al the sure I haue in hand.

King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Du. Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee.
Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

King H. I pardon him with al my heart.

Du. A god on earth thou art.

King H. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,

The Tragedie of

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heeles,
Good vnckle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shal not liue within this world I sweare,
But I wil haue them if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coosin adew,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Du. Come my old sonne, I pray God make thee new

Exeunt.

*Manet sir
Pierce Ex-
ton, &c.*

Exton Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man These were his very words.

Exton Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice.
And vrgd it twice together, did he not?

Man He did.

Exton And speaking it, he wishtly lookt on mee,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

*Enter Ri-
chard alone.*

Rich. I haue beene studying how to compare
This prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,
My braine Ile prooue, the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts:
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe,
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the posterne of a smal needler eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot

Vn-

King Richard the second.

Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last like seely beggars.
Who sitting in the stockes refuge their shame,
That haue many, and others must set there.
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one prison many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penurie
Perswades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shal be pleasde, till he be easde,
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare, *the musike plaies*
Ha ha keepe time, how sowre sweete Musicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the musike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintinesse of eare
To checke time broke in disordered string:
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke,
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eies the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt
Is pointing stil, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that telles what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and groanes,

The Tragedie of

Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrookes proud ioye,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke
This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue help' mad men to their witts,
In me it seemes it wil make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
For tis a signe of loue: and loue to Richard,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Groome. Haile royal Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble peare:

The cheapest of vs is ten groates too deare.
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that sad dog,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

*Enter a
groom of the
stable*

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy stable King,
When thou wert King, who trauielling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes roial masters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart when I beheld,
In London streetes that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tel me gentle friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

Rich. So proud that Bullingbrooke was, on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him
Would he not stumble, would he not fal downe,
Since pride must haue a fall and breake the neeke,
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes horse, why do I raile on thee?
Since thou created to be awed by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
Spurde, galld, and tirde by iouncing Bullingbrooke.
Keeper Fellow, giue place, here is no longer stay.

Richard

King Richard the Second.

Rich. If thou lovest me, it seems thou wilt away. *Enter one to*
Groome What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Richa. with*
Keeper My Lord, will please you to fall to meat.

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuel take Henry of Lancaster, and thee; *Exit Groom*
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keeper Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument; *The murder-*
Go thou and fill another room in hell. *ers rush in.*

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand *Here Exton*
Hath with the kings blood stained the kings owne land, *strikes him*
Mount mount my soule; thy seate is vp on hie, *down.*
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downe toward here to die.

Exton As full of valture, as of royall blood:
Both haue I spild. Oh would the deede were good,
For now the duell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
This dead King to the liuing king I leaue,
Take hence the rest and giue them buriall here.

King Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire *Enter Bull.*
Our towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire, *brooke with*
But whether they be tane or slaine we heare not; *the duke of*
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes? *Yorke.*

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse,
The next newes is, I haue to London sent, *Enter Nor-*
The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent, *thumber-*
The manner of their taking may appeare *land.*
At large discoursed in this paper here.

King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy woorth wil adde right worthie gaines. *Enter Lord*

Fitz. My Lord I haue from Oxford sent to London, *Fitzwaters.*
The heades of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitours,
That fought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King

The Tragedie of

King Thy paines Fitz. shal not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

*Enter H.
Percie.*

Percie The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeilded vp his body to the graue:
But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King Carleil, this is your doome,
Choole out some secret place, some reuerent roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife,
For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,
High sparks of honour in thee haue I scene.

*Enter Exton
with the
Coffin.*

Exton Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried feare: herein al breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

King Exton I thanke thee no: for thou hast wrought
A deede of flaughter with thy fatal hand,
Vpon my head and al this famous land.

Exton From your owne mouth my Lord did I this deed.

King They loue not poison that do poison neede,
Nor do I thee, though I did with him dead,
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour,
With Caine go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords I protest my soule is ful of woe,
That blood should sprinckle me to make mee grow:
Come mourne with mee, for what I do lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent,
Ile make a voyage to the holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand,
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

F I N I S.

